

-----  
Title: Caitlin's Journal 2

Author: Caitlin the Pioneer  
-----

Day 3 -continued-

Michelle has been leading the group today, her rangering skills are proving invaluable in this unknown forest region. I still feel the occasional twinge of jealousy when I see CrawWorth looking at her lithe form gliding through the woods.

I've been able to write more today as Dresler has needed to stop periodically to adjust his maps or make sure that he's not missing vital information from them. CrawWorth and Xarot speak frequently of ways to protect ourselves from the hazards we may face. We've yet to run into much trouble, occasionally killing a bird or other small animal for food, but nothing has attacked us yet. (Perhaps we don't appear as tasty as the normal denizens of this land)

Enas and Michelle are engaged in a conversation over the wild plants that grow up in these areas. Many of them seem the same as those that we are used to from our own lands, but the occasional plant seems, somehow, odd.

CrawWorth has decided that we should move on once again.

Day 4 -- The land has grown somewhat more rugged, and the terrain has slowed our progress some. We traveled east from the village for as long as we could, but now mountains loom over us and mock our inability to traverse them. The paths turn north before reaching the rocky outcroppings, and we have followed with the path's philosophy.

For the first time since our arrival we were attacked without provocation. The riding birds which we have seen in two variations thus far (the domesticated ones used by the villagers, and the rich emerald hued ones who roam the forest) have produced yet another breed. This one an evil and malicious type. The blackish grey thing attacked CrawWorth as he rounded a corner, apparently it slipped past Michelle, and attacked him with a screech. It's beak was furious and fast, and only CrawWorth's superior armor kept him from sustaining serious injury. He swung several times at the beast with his sword, but the riding birds are quick and graceful, and many of his first attacks went harmlessly past it. Xarot was quick to his side, however, and together the two of them goaded it into each others attacks. Xarot would feint to one side and swing hard, missing intentionally, and the bird would retaliate by trying

to go around the other side of his swing.

But

CrawWorth would be there already, harshly assaulting the creature as it tried to avoid Xarot's blows. Within minutes of adopting this strategy the beast was felled.

Enas studied the corpse of the bird intently, apparently hoping to gain some insight into the creature's weaknesses or innate magical abilities.

After half an hour he gave up exasperated, and simply cut as much meat off of the bird as he could. We plan to try eating it later.